



Survive



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Chapter 1 by #StoryQueen

CHAPTER 1-Surprise

I woke up to the sounds of screaming and growling. Not like dog growling but like, human growling.

It was dark in my hospital room due to the blackout, but I managed to finally find my flash-light. I walked down the dark hall, carefully taking light silent steps. Pure silence. Then, I heard light sobs coming from another room. I opened the door to find my little sister, Emily, leaning over a dead body. Our father. My mind went totally blank as I rushed over to her.

"Skylar!" She sobbed.

I welcomed her tight embrace, pretty tight for a 9 year old.

"Al-right," I sad breaking the embrace. "Tell me what happened, slowly." I whispered with my clear voice. I mean, as clear as I could get my 15 year old mouth to talk.

She told me that something came into their room at night, and ate our dad. She sad it looked human but didn't at the same time.

"I don't understand, How is it possible?" I asked.

"I don't know! I'm only 9!" she yelled.

"SHIT SHIT!" I whispered. We heard shuffling outside the door.

Thankfully I closed it. I thought

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We were in hospital gowns, I was dead, and there was our dead father on the ground. Well at least I hope he's dead.

The "dead" body of our father started to move.

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"Skylar!" my sister whispered.

I turned to see him in my face growling at me.

He tried to bite me. BITE me.

"Ok. that's disgusting." I whispered as his saliva dripped onto my skin. I pushed myself and my sister into the wash-room and shut the door.

"Are you ok?" I asked.

"My head hurts." Emily replied.

"Well, we did get into a car crash, so it makes sense to have a headache." I responded.

There was a sharp shard of glass on the bottom of the floor. Slowly, I picked it up and pointed the sharp end toward the door.

BANG! BANG!

the door was cracking.

oh no.

"Emily get behind me. NOW!" I said.

She shuffled behind me.

The door burst open and our dead father stumbled through. He pushed onto me and made a movement to bite me again.

I slipped, and stabbed the shard into his head. he fell.

"Is he dead?" Emily asked behind the shower curtain.

"I think so." You can come out."

We made our way out of the wash-room and went to the closet.

We grabbed some clothing and changed quickly. I found a knife on the ground next to her bed. Probably from her meal.

I took it, then we slipped out the door.

We ran as fast as our legs can carry us and we made it outside.

"Hey, come on, I found a car." I told.

"You can drive?" Emily asked.

"Dad used to take me driving sometimes."

"Oh" she said

We got in the car and we drove away.

Finally safe, for now.

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